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No. 107.

PATIENCE.

BY MARY E. COLEY.

One by one, all steadily,
Till the builders day by day,
Laying down each brick with care,
Casting useless ones away,
Till with look of noble strength,
Is the house complete at length.

Drop by drop, all quietly,
Till the gentle showers,
Moisten the emerald leaves,
Lifting up the drooping flowers,
Till the land is drenched with rain;
And the earth revives again.

One by one, all silently,
Do the little stars come out,
Shining mistily at first,
Glancing timidly about;
Then the moon comes into sight,
And a glory fills the night.

Step by step, all trustfully,
Hoping each to bear a part,
Do the hidden lives of men
Into noble action start;
And, when clears the smoke of strife,
Shall come forth a perfect life.

Cecil's Deceit:

on
THE DIAMOND LEGACY.

BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED; OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLESFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

MISTRESS AND MAID.

A subdued bustle of out-going and incoming; the slight jar of doors which otherwise opened and shut noiselessly; passing footsteps muffled by the thick carpeting of the passageways: these were the sounds which stamped its character upon the Breton House. It was a quiet hotel, removed alike in equal degree from the pomp of magnificent metropolitan establishments, and the shabby gentility, the prying, meddling surveillance of family boarding-houses.

Captain Collingsbrooke, with his daughter and her single attendant, had just established himself in the suite of rooms he had previously written to order.

These were on the second floor, and consisted of four apartments occupying one side of a branch passageway. First was the captain's own room, redolent already of his favorite "Yacht Club." Then, a private parlor, not large, but comfortable and home-like. Next was Miss Collingsbrooke's apartment, a wide room fitted with essential accessories to a lady's convenience; and beyond, separated from it by a dressing-closet, was a smaller and plainly-furnished chamber, designated to the use of Miss Collingsbrooke's maid.

A porter was bringing up the luggage just arrived. His foot tripped upon the door-sill of the captain's room, and he staggered forward violently, precipitating the trunk he carried upon the center of the floor. Captain Collingsbrooke, irate, broke forth with an oath at his awkwardness.

"If you please, sir, I couldn't help it," protested the man, ruefully rubbing his elbow, which had been grazed by the falling article.

"Help it! Hump, who said you could? Why you idiot, that is not mine. Get away until I see it!"

Examination only proved that he had been correct. The trunk was marked Crossford, or Crawford, Breton House, and the remainder of the luggage was for the same.

"Then it's for the gentleman on the next floor," the porter said. "He came on the same train as you, sir, and like enough your baggage has got mixed."

But a consultation with the said gentleman failed to reveal the whereabouts of the captain's traveling paraphernalia. A messenger, dispatched in hot haste to the baggage-rooms, met with no better success. Evidently, by some mistake, the trunks had not been put off the train. Accommodating officials regretted the occurrence, and promised their return by the following morning.

This was by no means satisfactory to Captain Collingsbrooke. He loved his own ease and fumed at trifling inconveniences. Just now he wanted the comforts of dressing-gown and slippers, a smoke and a nap in an easy-chair, with his heels upon the center-table. The non-arrival of his baggage disturbed him at once his plans and his temper, the latter being of very mercurial character.

Railway officials, hackman and porter, all were subjected to the ban of his anathemas. He stamped and blustered as was his wont when his choler was aroused, and in the midst of it all, Miss Collingsbrooke appeared upon the scene.

"What is it, papa dear? Has any thing occurred to annoy you?"

"Any thing? Yes, I should think so. Enough has occurred."

Then, partly because his breath was exhausted, partly that his gouty limbs rebelled against the free use he had been making of them, and that the man against whose typum he was discharging his word-torments here disappeared, he permitted his wrath to subside in a few muttered growls as he sank back into his chair.

"Enough has occurred. The blundering vagabonds have carried on our luggage. You'll have to do without your *fol-de-rols*, my girl."

"Is that all, papa? I feared it was something of a serious nature."

"Is it nothing to have all my calculations disturbed? Is it nothing to miss my nap



Cecil flung herself over the side of the balcony.

and my dishabille? Nothing to see you rusty from travel when Frampton may arrive at any minute? You do honor, Eve, to your English blood if you are proof against it all. Confound the careless villain!"

"Then we'll not go down to-night, will we, dear? Let us have tea together, you and I, as if we were at home. Indeed, papa, I should prefer it. I am quite wearied out."

Miss Collingsbrooke knew that the best method of restoring her father's equanimity was to distract his attention from the annoying subject.

"You do look tired, Eve," he said, with a touch of solicitude. "You must get more brightness into your face. Don't let Frampton think you are a victim prepared for a sacrifice."

"A night's rest is all I need. Oh, papa, when all is over, I should find that I have made a mistake?"

She clasped her long, thin hands nervously, a doubting, troubled look upon her face.

"Nonsense! You're not used to being whimsical, my girl. Don't get absurd ideas now. Think what it is for me to give you up, but I do it willingly for your own good."

"I shall always love you dearest of all, we're subjected to the ban of his anathemas. He stamped and blustered as was his wont when his choler was aroused, and in the midst of it all, Miss Collingsbrooke appeared upon the scene.

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you will like. There! now draw off your boots, and put your poor feet upon these cushions. A pillow to your head, and your pipe filled! Is there any thing more, papa?"

"As if there could be any thing you would not think of! No, dear. What a treasure you are to me, Eve!"

She did not reply, but laid her face down with caressing motion against his. Then, touching her lips to his forehead, she went away, leaving him to woo forgetfulness through the influence of his favorite weed.

Later, they met at the tea-table in mutually agreeable moods. Captain Collingsbrooke, refreshed by his slumber, and with appetite sharpened at sight of delicious repast, retained his natural good-humor unbroken by slight ebullitions of temper as were very common with him. And Eve put aside her misgivings of the future to devote herself to anticipating her father's wishes.

At a word from her he dismissed the servant, and let Eve wait upon him. This she did with a skill which displayed her familiarity with the duty.

It was a happy hour followed by a happy evening. Each knew it might be the last which they should spend alone together, and lent mutual effort to have it pass so in time to come they might refer to it as an unclouded remembrance.

How well it is that the inevitable future is veiled from our sight! Neither realized any thing of the shadow hovering over them—neither felt the chill of the dark presence lingering near.

When they had bidden each other good-night, and Miss Collingsbrooke was back in her own room where her maid awaited her, something of the troubled feeling that had haunted her during the day came again.

She put herself under the hands of the maid almost mechanically. The latter was a young woman with a bearing easy and ladylike beyond that which usually marks those of her station. Without having any actual basis for the belief, it had been silently conceded from the first, by Captain

Collingsbrooke and his daughter, that she had at no very remote period occupied a much higher social position.

Miss Collingsbrooke, deserted by her own attendant at the last moment, had engaged her on the eve of their departure from their native England. Several months had elapsed since that, occupied in traveling through the United States, the land which was henceforth to be their home.

Between the two—mistress and maid—had sprung up a warm friendship, which, on one side at least, had ripened into positive attachment. Miss Collingsbrooke's affection was manifested by the unlimited confidence she bestowed.

"Are you not well to-night, Miss Eve?" queried the maid, as with deft fingers she undid the fair, heavy bands of the lady's hair.

"Quite well, Cecil. Only a little inclined to regret the liberty I must soon relinquish. I am glad Mr. Frampton did not arrive to-night."

An amused smile played about Cecil's lips.

"Are you not anxious to make the acquaintance of your *fiance*, Miss Eve?"

"Oh, I know him already from his letters. He is a good, kind man, I am sure, and perhaps in time I may learn to love him almost as well as papa. But, Cecil, marriage should be regarded as a holy ordinance, and how can I so regard mine, which has been settled upon as a mere matter of business?"

"I am given to almost a total stranger—though he was a friend of papa's when they were young men together—in return for certain settlements of lands and dollars. Can I love and honor him as a husband, or will he seem to me only in the light of a purchaser, myself his chattel?"

"It is very pleasant to be rich," suggested Cecil. "To be young and beautiful, the petted wife of an indulgent old man, is a fate most young ladies would be eager to embrace. You don't know what actual poverty is, Miss Eve, or you would never hesitate. You don't know what it is to love beautiful things which you can not en-

joy, to long for luxury and be tied down to a life of constant drudgery. Youth and beauty are no more than a fair exchange for certain wealth."

The speaker's face flushed a little with her earnestness of feeling. She uttered her words vehemently, as though they were the outbreak of some sudden impulse, but her tone had something bitter in it which Eve Collingsbrooke did not like.

"I am afraid that is not good doctrine, Cecil, even though I am being guided by it. But I shall not give my individual alone; I shall strive to be always a dutiful wife."

"You'll be happy, too," said Cecil, her face and voice softening. "The good always are."

It was Eve's turn to flush now. When alone together the two had long since fallen into habits of equality, but this night there was a shadow of restraint, felt rather than distinctly indicated, in their familiar intercourse.

There was silence between them for a time, and then Miss Collingsbrooke, who had been idly watching their two figures reflected side by side in the mirror, reached up and drew Cecil's face down near hers.

"Youth and beauty," she said, repeating the words of the other. "You have them both, Cecil. Why is it not you instead of me who is to reap fortune through them? And how much we are alike! Strange that I never observed it so clearly before. We might readily pass for sisters."

There was indeed a striking resemblance between them, heightened perhaps by the similarity of the dresses they wore. The simple gray traveling-suits were unlike in no special detail, their height and figures were much the same.

Both had heavy fair hair, but that of the maid had a glint and ripple in it, while Miss Collingsbrooke's was dead blonde. The features of the latter were fine, regular and clearly cut, her complexion fair but rather pale, her eyes hazel. Cecil's face was perhaps less *virgin* with which the other's lacked; her eyes deep blue as is sometimes seen in paintings on rare old china.

The points of resemblance between the two would strike an observer more forcibly after seeing them separately. This was probably the reason that neither had been much impressed by the fact. When together, so many minor differences crept to view that the great effect was lost.

As Eve gazed, and endeavored to define the similarity, it seemed to fade into only a general resemblance of figure and feature.

"It was the light, I dare say," Cecil remarked, composedly. "All fair people look more or less alike, I think. Is there any thing more to-night, Miss Eve?"

"Nothing more. Good-night, Cecil!"

But in her own room, the maid held the light where it shone full upon her, scanning her features with close scrutiny. Then she sat down, shaking her hair from the thick net which had confined it, until it glinted and waved like a golden vail about her shoulders. A gratified look crept into her eyes.

"Yes, we are alike," she murmured. "Alike, as substance and shadow; alike, as the pale offspring of the photographer's art is like the living reality. Yet she will gain the wealth I covet, while I, brighter and fairer, must wait—wait!"

There was a shadow creeping down over Cecil Blake's face, which made it less fair to look upon. The color faded out, the lips grew set and firm, the eyes emitted a co-rousing gleam.

"Only one thing to live for now," she was saying to herself. "Only my ambition to be gratified. Only an advantage to be gained, a point won. How long shall I have to wait, I wonder?"

She sat there silently thinking. The time wore on imperceptibly; an hour chimed, then another, but she sat there motionless still.

Sleep stole down upon her unawares. A medley of dreams assailed her, wild fancies bore her away on their spirit wings. Visions were there of time that had been, and of time to come, of things possible and impossible, struggling confusedly in the mind which is never at rest, even when sleep lays its quiet upon the body, and hushes the working functions of the brain to nominal repose.

Then came a concourse of increasing sounds, which first mingled in with her dreams. The trampling of feet, the ringing of bells, hoarse shouts, from seeming the picture of fancy became suddenly a reality. She sprang up, broad awake, to find a vivid glare illuminating the room; the hissing and crackling of flames; a scorching heat; the atmosphere painfully oppressive; the smell of burning wood, and from without the terrible cry, "Fire, fire!"

CHAPTER II. THE PATH OF FIRE.

FOR a single instant Cecil stood motionless, paralyzed by terror. Above the crackling of the flames, and the hoarse shouts of the multitude without, she could hear the shrieks of women, the groans and prayers of those already shut off from escape.

The fire had burst out through the windows below, and was lapping up the outer walls with insatiable tongues that fastened upon every devourable object. The crackling and falling of glass, and sight of the yellow blaze curling in, recalled her senses, bringing a realization of her own imminent peril.

She sprang to the door of the dressing-

closet opening into Miss Collingsbrooke's room. A cloud of dense smoke met her there. It drove her back, blinded, suffocating. She had the precaution to shut the door against it, and stood gasping. The heat was intense. It was drawing blisters on her flesh, though as yet no flames had reached her room except the lapping tongues about the casements.

There was another door opening into the corridor. She groped her way to this, as she went snatching a woollen scarf from the table where she had thrown it carelessly on the preceding evening.

In the corridor and to the right she was met by a wall of solid flame. The stairway and the space beyond were all ablaze. Behind her a vestibule opened into a wing of the building. She sped along this, guiding herself by the touch of the blistering walls.

As she ran she gathered up her long, floating hair, and bound it firmly with her scarf. A morsel of feminine reasoning, which clung to her even during the horror of that moment, an instinct which reminded her that every attribute of beauty which she possessed was dear to her as life itself, prompted the action.

Up some steps, then on again. Turning angles this way and that, driven back at times by the visible presence of the fire demon, but all else vanquished from her sight by the stifling smoke.

A sudden fear struck her. Might she not lose herself in this maze of passageways, be tortured by the flames creeping slowly down upon her from every side? Her brain was no longer clear. Thoughts trooped through; wild, absurd fancies, which tempted her to stop there in the midst of danger and laugh shrilly.

The sound of her voice, dying to a moan upon her lips, sobered her. She staggered forward less confidently now.

A breath of fresh air came to her like an assurance of salvation to a perishing soul. Gaspings she struggled on. Then the smoke rolled back, and an open doorway lay before her.

"Saved!" she cried, joyfully, as the outer air swept her cheek. In the same breath she uttered a cry of despairing horror. A sheet of flame shot up almost in her face. An instant more and she would be certainly lost.

She flung the skirt of her dress over her head and dashed through the fiery barrier. Fortunately her garments were of woollen stuffs, and, though shriveled and crisped, did not ignite. She stood without the doorway, which she fancied would lead her to safety, but with a single glance grew faint with the hopelessness of her situation.

She stood on an iron balcony not more than twenty feet from the ground. But the steps were gone; above, below, and all around, the flames were raging in unrestrained fury. Beneath was a dark surging crowd, that, looking up, seemed to see her in the very midst of the devouring element.

The stillness of horror which had fallen on all was broken by a voice:

"Jump, for God's sake! Forward, men, all of you! Jump, and we will save you!"

A puff of air carried a rush of flame down upon her. With no thought except the desperate impulse to escape it, Cecil flung "Scores of strong arms" were concentrated to receive her. There was a recoil in the foremost group, caused by the impetus of her descending body, then a deafening shout went up announcing her safety.

Cecil, stunned by her fall, heard the glad cry, and then lay without sense or motion in the arms of her rescuers. The terrible strain removed, mind and nerve succumbed, and she lost all consciousness.

A stalwart man, with face and hands bearded by the active service he had been rendering—the same who had called to her to take the leap—volunteered to take charge of the helpless girl. He received her in his arms and bore her back through the crowd, which opened before him.

A moment later came the order, "Back! back!" The multitude swayed as a body, and wavered away from the burning building not a moment too soon. There was the crash of falling walls, blazing timbers hurled downward which sent out showers of glowing sparks, and what had been the stately Breton House, lay a mass of ruins.

It was breaking day, as Cecil's protector, Richard Holstead by name, hurried down one of the side streets leading from the more noted thoroughfare. This was Broad street, and the buildings here, for the most part, were private dwellings, many of them detached and having inclosures, smaller or greater, to accord with the pretensions of the different places. At some distance down the street the young man paused before a near two-story frame house, separated from the sidewalk by a narrow grass-plot and light iron railing.

"Passing through the gateway, he was met by a pleasant-faced elderly lady, who greeted him with affectionate solicitude.

"Richard, my dear boy! you are not hurt?"

"No, mother; but here is a young lady who will require your attention. I think she is not seriously injured, but you can send Patty for a physician if you find it necessary. I must hurry back again, though I fear there is little more to be done."

"Poor thing, poor young girl!" she murmured, pityingly.

It was late in the day when Cecil awoke.

Her kind hostess was sitting by the bedside, and came forward as the girl moved slightly.

"Wake, my dear! You are refreshed, I am sure. Don't stir until I have brought you a cup of tea."

She went quietly away, and returned almost immediately with a tray, on which were a few delicate viands. This she placed on a stand by the bed, and bolstered Cecil to a sitting posture.

The latter ate sparingly, and drank with feverish thirst. She was strengthened, but with an apathetic feeling lingering yet. When she had finished she looked up into Mrs. Holstead's motherly face.

"I don't remember how I came here," she said, "but you are very kind. May I trouble you still further?"

"I am anxious to render you comfort, the lady assured her. "Pray, don't consider any request you can make in the light of a trouble."

"Will you get me to-day's papers?"

"I am not sure that it will be best for you just now," was the hesitating reply.

"Oh, I am quite strong. Indeed, I must know the worst of the danger I escaped."

"But, my dear Miss Collingsbrooke, any excitement—"

"Then I shall insist upon getting them myself," Cecil declared, with perverse wilfulness. Sorely disturbed, Mrs. Holstead went down to take counsel with her son.

"It may be as well that she shall know it at once," he said. "She will grow anxious regarding her father soon, and then the truth can not be kept from her."

"Cecil moved and moaned, and after a moment, opened her eyes, the horror still limning in them.

"Am I saved?" she asked, "or was it all a dream? Ah, my poor hands!"

She raised them painfully. Both hands and wrists were drawn to white blisters. Her face, too, had been blistered by the heat; but her hair, her beautiful golden hair, lay unharmed beneath its secure covering. She did not so much mind the rest, when she made herself aware of this.

"There, there, dear! don't distress yourself," said Mrs. Holstead, soothingly. "You are safe you see. Let me bind up your hands; I will be very gentle. There are no deep burns, but they will be painful for a time."

Then, with exquisite tact, she strove to divert her patient's mind from the calamity which had befallen her, while she applied lotions and poultices to the injured members.

"My dear child," she said, "you must be strong to bear a great sorrow. You know what a narrow escape you had; but there

Cecil's nervous system had been shaken by the peril she had passed. She was faint and ill from the effect of it. She was very quiet, moving with an effort when Mrs. Holstead proceeded to disrobe her, and clothe her in a loose wrapper of her own.

"Now, lie still, dear, and sleep if you can. Drink this; you will feel better for it when you wake again."

She brought a glass of wine into which she poured a few drops of a composing draught. Cecil swallowed it, and closed her eyes wearily.

Mrs. Holstead turned out the gas and softly opened the windows. By this time the sun had fairly risen, falling in yellow light on opposite roofs, while the street beneath was yet filled by the long shadows.

She adjusted the screens until it softened gloom pervaded the apartment. Then ascertaining that her patient already slept, she went out, closing the door after her.

Going down to the kitchen, she found Patty, the fine servant kept in the little household, busy preparing the morning meal.

"What have you there, Patty—muffins? Ah, that's well! Dick is fond of them. And the meat—veat; is it? Run out, child, and get a beefsteak at the market-stall on the corner. Poor Dick will be tired, and need a substantial breakfast."

After adding to the order another item or two with reference to her son's taste, she passed into the dining-room adjoining. This was a square apartment, with a bright carpet on the floor and white shades to the windows. A light, cheerful room, furnished with a tall walnut sideboard, elaborately carved at the top; a few chairs of the same material, and an extension-table—generally used in its contracted form. Every thing was very simple and very useful, but home-like and attractive to an extent which more elaborate establishments often lack.

Mrs. Holstead went away softly. She thought it best that the other should be alone with her supposed grief at first.

Dick was walking slowly back and forth in the room below. It grieved him to know that the life of the girl he had aided to save should be at once clouded by such a sorrow. He looked up inquiringly as his mother entered.

"Does she know?"

"Yes, and has taken it more quietly than I had hoped. But the stillest grief is often the deepest. I'd rather she had cried out than to grow white and quiet as she did."

And above in the shaded room Cecil lay not, not trying to resist the temptation which assailed her.

"I did not seek this end," she said, to herself. "It has been thrust upon me. Why should I correct the mistake which others have made—why not accept it as my destiny?"

Then she felt a pang of genuine regret as Eve Collingsbrooke's gentle face rose before her mental sight.

"It is doing her no harm," she argued. "If she was alive I would not wrong her even to advance myself. But, why should I thrust aside the profit her death may bring me?"

If a struggle between wrong and right it was a very unequal one. But I think from the time the thought first came to her, Cecil had decided upon her course. I think she strove to make even herself believe that Cecil, the maid, had been buried in the ruins of the smoking pyre, and that she who had escaped was Eve Collingsbrooke.

At least, she accepted the situation that day without making an effort either to relinquish or retain it. It was staking all on a chance to be sure, but one which seemed secure.

During the past few months she had learned much of the previous history of the Collingsbrookes. The captain was of English parentage, but American born and reared. They were allied to a noble family—the father had been an honorable man, he was the cousin of an earl.

But frequent acquaintance with such occurrences, as almost any inhabitant of a large city must know, wears off the sharp edge of the accompanying horror. So Mrs. Holstead whipped the cream for the toast, and buttered the muffins in the covered dish, while her son passed through to the closed porch where the pump stood, and proceeded to remove the traces of his late tool.

Ten minutes later they were seated together at the breakfast-table, and Richard related such incidents connected with the conflagration as had come within his personal observation.

"And the young lady, mother," he asked, "how is she?"

"Sleeping quietly. She has been terribly shocked, as is only natural, but is in no danger whatever. Did you ascertain who she is?"

"I made inquiry, and it is clearly evident that she is Miss Collingsbrooke, the daughter of an English gentleman, who arrived only yesterday. And, mother, he is among the missing."

"Mrs. Holstead let her spoon rest on the edge of her cup, and paled a little. "Poor thing, poor young girl!" she murmured, pityingly.

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"My dear child," she said, "you must be strong to bear a great sorrow. You know what a narrow escape you had; but there

were others less fortunate—some who were not rescued."

Cecil put out her bandaged hand, only

"Let me see!"

She had not corrected Mrs. Holstead's mistake regarding her name. Perhaps she had not observed it. But now, as her eye glanced down the column, devoted to the conflagration of the morning, the knowledge that this misapprehension had arisen was made apparent.

The names of Captain Collingsbrooke and Cecil Blake were in the list of those who had perished. Miss Collingsbrooke was described as having escaped by precipitating herself from the balcony.

The paper crushed beneath Cecil's trembling hand, and her face grew white as the pillow against which it was pressed. Strange that the words which Eve had spoken to her when they were together last should be the first to recur to her now.

"Youth and beauty! You have them both, Cecil. Why is it not you, instead of me, who is to reap fortune through them?"

CHAPTER III.

FACE TO FACE.

In that moment Cecil never thought of the awful fate which had met her kind young mistress. She only saw the opportunity it had opened before her, and even this she did not yet permit herself to contemplate clearly. But the idea had come, the sudden force of it stilling her blood for an instant; the next it was leaping through her veins at fever speed.

Mrs. Holstead went away softly. She thought it best that the other should be alone with her supposed grief at first.

Dick was walking slowly back and forth in the room below. It grieved him to know that the life of the girl he had aided to save should be at once clouded by such a sorrow. He looked up inquiringly as his mother entered.

"Does she know?"

"Yes, and has taken it more quietly than I had hoped. But the stillest grief is often the deepest. I'd rather she had cried out than to grow white and quiet as she did."

"I do not seek this end," she said, to herself. "It has been thrust upon me. Why should I correct the mistake which others have made—why not accept it as my destiny?"

"Hugh Frampton!"

Mrs. Holstead was turning away, when an impulse seized Cecil to at once avow the utter responsibility of her equivocal position.

"Mrs. Holstead!"

The latter paused.

"Mr. Frampton is my betrothed husband."

You will understand now why I am anxious he should learn of my safety. The statement in the papers would only augment his distress by leaving him in ignorance regarding the injuries I might have sustained."

"My dear," Mrs. Holstead said, coming back to the bed to kiss the girl's cheek, "I am glad for your sake you are not left without a tutor guardian. Dick shall see to every thing soon as possible. I shall occupy the room adjoining this; if you want to call upon me."

Then she felt a pang of genuine regret as Eve Collingsbrooke's gentle face rose before her mental sight.

"It is doing her no harm," she argued.

"If she was alive I would not wrong her even to advance myself. But, why should I thrust aside the profit her death may bring me?"

If a struggle between wrong and right it was a very unequal one. But I think from the time the thought first came to her, Cecil had decided upon her course. No

you. Blame yourself then for the evil that is in me, not me for having it. I am but a passive agent, a chip floating on the surface of the stream, at the mercy of every current."

"Do you remember my parting words?" cried the father, sternly.

"Oh, excellently well!" cried the youth, quickly. "I have a splendid memory. You told me never to let you see my face again, I remember."

"Why then do you cross my path? why will you not let me know that you are in the dismored grave which you should have filled long ago?"

"I come to you because I want aid."

"And you expect aid from me?" Banderia exclaimed, frowning.

"Yes, I do," the youth replied, quietly.

"You dream," the father said, coldly.

"No, I come to you to make a bargain. I don't want the aid for myself exactly, for thanks to nimble fingers and a clever head, by cards and dice I can get enough to keep me, for my wants are simple; but I have lost something; to find that something will cost a few golden ounces; more than I possess at present or have any chance of gaining."

"I make you a fine offer: lend me the money—I don't ask you to give it to me, because I hope some day to be able to pay you back—and I will agree that in the future I will keep out of your sight. You shall never know that such a person as myself exists in this world as far as I am concerned. You have plenty, spare me a little; you'll never miss it."

"What is it that you have lost?" Banderia asked.

"A woman!" The father's face fully betrayed the astonishment he felt.

"A woman!" he exclaimed, in wonder.

"Exactly! a woman, who loves me and whom I love; a woman who would freely pour out her life's blood, drop by drop to shield me, worthless vagabond that I am, from harm."

"You say that you have lost her?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I can not tell; she has disappeared as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up; but give me the means and I'll find her if she is in the world; if she is not, I don't care how soon I get out of it."

"And if I do not choose to yield to this request of yours?" Banderia asked.

"I shall lie in wait here by the roadside and attack the first well-dressed man who rides to or from Dhania," the youth said, seriously. "I am desperate; this girl that I speak of is the only being in this world that I have ever cared for. I don't exactly understand myself the feeling that is in my heart; I didn't dream how precious she was to me until she was taken from me."

"You will attack the first man, eh?" Banderia said, dryly.

"Yes."

"And the probabilities are that his pistol will blow out what few brains you have in that empty head of thine."

"That depends altogether whether he is quicker than I am," the youth replied, coolly.

"You promise me that if I accede to your request, I shall never again look upon your face?"

"I do."

"It is a bargain, then; how much do you require?"

"Twenty ounces."

"A large sum!"

"Yes; but think of what it will buy," said Luis, with a sneer on his face.

"Your absence; yes; well, to me it is worth more than twenty ounces," the father said, slowly.

"Send the money to the wine-shop of Diego. I will wait there for it."

"In an hour you may expect it."

"Thanks, senior; farewell."

Again the young man removed the greasy sombrero, bowed gracefully, and then proceeded toward Dhania, humming the chorus of a merry drinking-song as he marched along.

With a frown on his dark features, Banderia sat motionless on his horse, and watched the youth until his form was hid from sight by the bushes that marked the turn of the road.

"Can this utterly worthless vagabond be indeed a son of mine?" the father muttered in silent anger. "What a contrast to my peerless Giraldita! Who can be the woman that he loves? Or is it but a pretext to bring some money from me? If he will keep his word, and never let me see his face again, I shall count the golden ounces well invested. Now for the White Indians. I shall need their aid. When the 'Panther' seeks the leaden casket in the old well, there must be witnesses by."

Slowly Banderia rode onward, plotting the death-scar of the adventurer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE REFUGE OF THE OUTLAW.

A DARK and narrow passage cutting the mountain range; through it the waters of the Rio Sabinal plunged in mad glee.

Pinyon and cactus growing thick by the river's bank, struggling for existence amid the rocks.

At the entrance to the dark passage, the prairie, covered with tall grass, garnished by thousands of brilliant-hued flowers, nodding their plumed heads playfully in the gentle breeze that swept ever over the surface of the broad plain.

The sun sinks in the west, a flood of light, crimson, purple and gold, bathes prairie, wood and river. The shades of night are creeping slowly over the plain.

One living object alone visible on the broad prairie. A horseman riding furiously onward, heading toward the spot where the Rio Sabinal escapes from the close embrace of the wooded ravine, and sinks to rest on the bosom of the prairie.

The horseman is iron-willed Banderia.

Reaching the spot where wood, prairie, and river join, he dismounts from his horse, leads him within the shelter of the thicket, and picks him there by his lariat.

Then, with a firm step, hastries onward, tracing the gurgling river up into the dark shadows of the ravine. Outward he goes without thought or hesitation, as though the way was as well known to him as the road that led from his own hacienda to the hamlet of Dhania.

Rough the path; toilsome the ascent, the rocks slippery, wet by the spray rising from the river, where it poured its waters like an avalanche of silver against the jagged, beetling cliff-side.

For a good half-hour the Mexican followed the stream up into the ravine, the shadows of night growing darker and darker.

Suddenly Banderia halted, and cast a searching glance around him.

"This is the place, if I mistake not," he muttered.

Before him rose a tall cliff, its base hid by a dense growth of bushes; the Sabinal on the left washed the side of the cliff.

Banderia placed his fingers in his mouth, and imitated the cry of the nightingale.

Thrice the soft notes rung on the air; a moment of silence followed, then an answer came; the melancholy cry of the owl floated on the bosom of the air.

A smile of satisfaction appeared on Banderia's dark face.

"Good!" he muttered, "my quest will not be a fruitless one."

Hardly had the words left his lips, when from the bushes that fringed the base of the steep cliff, came a noise that plainly told that some living thing, human or beast, was making its way through the shrubbery.

Banderia remained motionless; the noise was evidently expected, by him, for he did not seem in the least disturbed, and his hand grasped not a weapon.

The bushes parted, and a muscular, black-bearded man stepped into the little open space. He was habited strangely; Indian leggings of deer-skin; a frilled and ruffled shirt of the finest linen; a Mexican jacket, gay with golden trimmings, and fancifully adorned with knots of ribbon. His head was bare, the long, black hair, cropped across the forehead, Indian fashion, floating down around his neck and shoulders.

Fainter and fainter grew the sounds of the horses' hoofs. A moment more and the sound died away altogether.

"We are saved," said the girl, impressively.

"Yes, that mad critter said he'd pull us through, and blamed if he hadn't done it. I never expected to see such a sight as this hyer. I don't wonder that the red devils thought that they were sent for. Wake snakes! how they did put across the prairie; chain lightning wan't nowhere!" Crockett cried, his naturally lively spirits returning.

"Welcome, senior!" cried the outlaw in a loud, hoarse voice, as he emerged from the thicket, and beheld Banderia. It was evident from the manner of the brigand-chief that the wealthy Mexican was no stranger to the town.

"And now, seniors, farewell; I shall never forget that you have saved me from a dreadful death; I shall pray that the day may come that I may repay the service," said the girl, earnestly.

"You will leave us, then?" Gilbert questioned.

"Yes, my way home in life lies widely apart from yours, although, for the moment, fate has chosen to bring them together."

"Say, little gal, if 'tain't pryn' too much into your affairs, which way might you be going?" asked Crockett.

"To yonder town, Dhania," replied the girl, pointing to the south.

"And you go alone on foot across the prairie?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes."

"And git gobble up by these 'tarnal red niggers, sure as shootin'!" growled Crockett.

"I do not fear," the girl replied.

"Yes, but we do. Sho! you've had a putty nigh shave of it already. It's temptin' Providence fur to risk your life ag'in. Why no go with us to the edge of the town an' then you can 'light out whar you like?"

"My friend is right," said Gilbert; "and I trust, senorita, that you will not persist in your determination."

"Your will, should be law to her whose life you have saved; I will do as you wish," replied the girl.

"Let's be travelin' then, for them 'tarnal critters might take it into their painted noddles to take the back-track an' look arter us."

"But the dead horse, The Lightning?" said Gilbert.

"What of the critter?"

"By right I should carry back some proof that I have won the wager and tamed The Lightning."

"Wake snakes! but you're right, than every time!" cried Crockett. "S'pose you cut off the tail of the animalie?"

"That will be proof enough."

"Keep in your saddle; I'll fix it for you in a brace of snakes."

Then Crockett slid off his horse's back to the ground, and his tall form disappeared in the gloom, that hung so densely over the surface of the prairie.

"You will not reveal to me, then, the name of the cruel wretch who sent you forth hasted to the back of the wild horse, to find a grave on the prairie?"

"That will be proof enough."

"Keep in your saddle; I'll fix it for you in a brace of snakes."

These three men, Michael Dago, the giant, Red Jose, the half-breed, and Pepe, the snake, composed the band that had won such a dreadful name as the White Indians. No red prairie brave as merciless as they, no painted warrior as fierce, no Comanche or Apache chief as cruel.

The two outlaws, reclining within the cave, nodded a salutation to Banderia as he entered. The Mexican was well known to them.

"Now to business," said Michael, depositing his huge frame upon a buffalo-skin, and motioning his visitor to a seat; "in what way can we serve you, senior?"

"I would rather not," the girl said, softly.

"You have no desire for vengeance?"

"A mightier power than is compassed by poor, weak human nature will give me all the vengeance that I crave."

"But, if you should need friends you will not forget us?"

"Forget you!" and the girl's voice betrayed how intense was the feeling that swayed her heart. "No, never while I live; and each night in my prayer to the Virgin Mother, I will ask a blessing upon the heads of the two North American strangers who saved the poor Mexican girl from her terrible danger."

"You pray to the Virgin, then?" Gilbert asked.

"Yes; do you take me for a daughter of one of the wild Indian tribes because I wear a dress of deer-skin?"

"Such was my thought."

"You are wrong. The blood of two nations flows in my veins, but I am more Mexican than Indian. I wear the prairie garb because it suits my free life. I am fully as much at home upon the back of a mustang as on the ground. The story of my life is a strange one; I am a child of the prairies—like the tall grass and nodding flowers. No earthly parent has ever called me child; the fond father's caress, the loving mother's kiss, I never have known; I sprang like a weed from the yellow soil, for August I can tell."

The Mustanger had listened, deeply interested, to the mournful words of the girl.

"Poor girl! your story is a sad one," he said, and his heart warmed with sympathy for the orphaned maid, whose slight form he held within his strong arms.

"Exactly; he seeks gold and must find steel!" the outlaw said, quietly.

"He must never leave the ruins of the mission-house alive."

"He shall not; what is he like?"

"A tall fellow, well-built, black hair and eyes, face browned, dressed roughly, long mustache," Banderia replied in answer to Michael's question. "There is hardly a possibility of a mistake, for no one else is likely to seek that deserted spot. And now for the other service. There has lately come to Dhania two strangers—North Americans."

"The mustangers! I know them!" Michael said.

"One must die."

"Which?"

"The young man."

"It will be difficult to snare him," the

outlaw said, thoughtfully; "he is young, strong; besides, he is seldom alone."

"I can arrange a trap for him also; he is in love; he will seek his love some night!"

"And we will lay in wait for him!"

"Yes; a sudden stroke in the dark and youth or strength are of little avail."

"These two services will cost money."

"How much?"

"Thirty ounces; that's ten apiece."

"It is a bargain," Banderia replied.

"Away at once to the old mission-house; then come to me in the morning. Frame some excuse, that man may guess why you come to the hacienda."

"And so the compact was made."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WARNING.

"I DERNED if it ain't all like a dream!" said Crockett.

The Indians, the madman, the mystic light and the red ball of fire all had disappeared like a fleeting vision out of slumber's chain.

Had not the sound of the hoofs of the Indian mustangs still hovered on the air, the three could hardly have believed that the strange scene which they had just witnessed was indeed reality and not a disordered dream.

Fainter and fainter grew the sounds of the horses' hoofs. A moment more and the sound died away altogether.

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A MEMORY.

BY ST. ELM.

The golden moonbeams softly pressed,
The snow-white bosom of the earth,
The wind's rude breath in glee caressed
The icy fragments of its birth.
Thoughts with the stars, the moon and stars,
At times were hidden by the clouds,
That skinned the dim horizon's bars,
A wealth of silver-crested shrouds—

Can I forget that night? ah, no:
The pale draws nearer to me now;
I see the ground, its shroud of snow,
And feel the fierce wind's angry brow;
And, oh, I would that she were here!
But, wishing thus is all in vain;
The world, though beautiful, is drear,
To one whose breast is filled with pain.

The sweet kiss lingers on my lips;
The dear voice with its fond "good-night,
Why was it that a dark eclipse
Was seen to mark the lifeless bright?
I know not what that voice I hear!
Far back where Memory's tidal wave,
Breaks with a murmur soft and clear,
Beating upon a loveless grave!

The Coral Star.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"How do you like it, Stacy?"
With her short, plump fingers, Eva Van Courtlandt laid the tiny scarlet star in his hand, and lifted her witching black eyes to his admiring face.

"How do I like it, Eva? I think it is perfection, because it is *your* taste; it matches so well in tint—these."

And handsome Stacy Lorne stooped and snatched a kiss from her ruby-red lips.

"Stacy! how dare you! and without permission, too!"

"But I'm sure you will not refuse permission *now*, will you, little coquette? As if you don't know how dear you are to me, and as if I don't know how invaluable I am to you!"

His merry eyes were smiling down into her blushing, piquant face; a face that any lover would have been proud of, to have lifted to his own as Eva Courtlandt lifted hers, so eloquent with love, confidence and content.

She was a charming girl, and other young gentlemen besides Stacy Lorne were of the same opinion; but, as yet, no one save Stacy had met with favor in her eyes; and he had met with peculiar, extraordinary favor.

Yet they were not formally engaged; Stacy had often talked the subject over with Eva, and, though there was a tacit understanding, they were not bound to each other by ties that could not be broken at the will of either.

Eva was perfectly content with this arrangement, both because she knew, in her own heart, that she never could be untrue to Stacy, and because she lived ever in secret confidence that he would never play her false.

She had just purchased the tiny coral star, with its gold pin, for a birthday gift for him; and as she laid it in his open palm, she suddenly looked him full in the face.

"If ever we part, Stacy—if ever we part, I say, I want you to keep this little trinket for friendship's sake. Maybe you might have trouble that I could help; maybe you would want to be friends again; a something might occur; and in any case, Stacy, I would promise to do as you said if you sent me the star as a reminder of my promise."

Then, when her luminous eyes saw the smile gathering on Stacy's lips, she laughed with him at her odd conceit.

"You talk like a romancist, Eva; have you been tasking that brain of yours for a plot for a novel? or what uncanny power has come over you?"

He prisoned her pink cheeks between his palms and looked down into her eyes, where his own image was so faithfully reflected.

"Well, bright-eyes, it shall be for a token between us, that if ever we part, and afterward the star comes to you, you must come to me. Is that it?"

He jauntily fastened it in his black necklace as he spoke.

"That is what I meant," replied Eva, brightly.

Only two years! only twice three hundred and sixty-five sunrises and sunsets! only two droppings of the pink rose-petals under her window; but what volumes of untold misery were crowded into those hours, days, weeks, and months, since she had seen Stacy Lorne!

How like some nightmare it looked to her; that sudden going away of his, without word or comment; that sudden fortune that had come to her a month later, when eccentric old aunt Burgoyne had died, leaving a half-million of dollars to Eva Van Courtlandt if she would assume her name; that hurried flitting from the little one-and-a-half-story farm-house, where she had learned to love Stacy Lorne, where she had tried to learn to forget him; tried, but ever so vainly, despite the fact that she had been deserted by him.

And so the dear old quiet life had faded away like a dream, and Eva Van Courtlandt with it. Now there was the splendid city mansion, new faces, new attractions, and Miss Burgoyne to queen it royally. Amid all the gorgeous array how her heart used to ache for the old times; for Stacy, for the blissful peace that was hers always! She often wondered where he could be; what he was doing, and, above all, why he had left her, who trusted him so, who loved him so.

And that little coral star! ah, he wore that when he went away from her; he knew full well the secret meaning they both attached to the little trinket, and Eva Burgoyne's cheeks blushed crimson as she thought how easily he could re-win her; how very easily he had thrown her over.

Such thoughts as these were crowding unpleasantly over that brilliant winter afternoon, as she sat in her parlor, looking out on the avenue at the promenades, and listening, half-vaguely, to the low, melodious prattle of a little three-year-old cousin who had been spending the day at Eva's.

Then—it seemed as if her heart bounded to her throat in one suffocating leap—she heard an exclamation of delight from little Lillie, as she came running across the floor.

"Tousin Eva! see what me foun'! tan me t'p it?"

And the chubby little hands held up for inspection—a coral star!

Eva snatched it from Lillie's hand, not noting the surprised, half-frightened look in the pretty little face. Yes—the coral star,

beyond the shadow of a possible doubt; for there, on the under side, was the monogram she had had engraved on it; "S." for Stacy, and "E." for Eva!

How came it there? How long had it been there? And her face grew pale with the excitement, as she hurried across the floor to the pile of playthings she had given Lillie to play with.

There were bonbon-boxes, and bright-colored papers; a miniature toy village, and piano, that little Miss Lillie's fingers had wrought sad havoc with, the keys being wrenched from their places, displaying the cavity underneath.

And in "that bid hole," little princess declared, she "dot that pretty thing."

Eva sat down again, and tried to think; her head was all-a-whirl, but she sensibly decided to go to the store where she purchased the toy piano; and perhaps—

who knew but that Stacy—She couldn't exactly define her own thoughts, but she called her carriage at once, with feverish impatience, and drove to Dallaim's.

"A lady? to see me, Martha?"

Stacy Lorne's pale cheeks flushed as the maid looked in at the door of his cheery room, where the invalid sat in his cushioned chair, surrounded by tiny tools, wires, and bits of ivory.

"A lady, shure, sir. And it's her kaird she sittin' up, shure."

"Miss BURGOYNE."

He did not recognize it, and with a haf-weary sigh, let it fall.

"All right, Martha. Show her in," and then, in an undertone, added, "another or-der, I suppose."

He was so like, yet so unlike, his former self. This Stacy was pallid, and thin, and bore the traces of illness as plainly as the marks of ill-fortune.

And he had been unfortunate; a sudden telegraphic summons, on the night he saw his dying father, had been followed by a severe fall, that had laid him up with a delirious fever, that only permitted him to write to Eva, after Eva had left the farmhouse. There came no answer to his letters; no one knew where she had gone that he asked, and at length, six months after, when he heard, casually, of the marriage of a Miss Van Courtlandt, he believed it was his Eva.

Then his health grew worse, and he was obliged to give up his office-work; he took it home at first, but he was too weakened to attend to it; and so he had come to making exquisite little pianos for a toy dealer.

To-day he was unusually dispirited, and it was with an effort he bade the lady enter who tapped so gently at his door.

And then, like a beautiful vision, she appeared to him, radiant and inspiring.

"Stacy! Stacy! I may come in?"

And she waited in breathless anxiety for his answer.

He looked so bewildered, so overwhelmed with the sudden, sweet surprise; then a most glorious light irradiated his pale features.

"Can it be possible? Eva! my Eva still? I little thought, when I lost my coral star, I ever should see you again."

And then Eva, on her knees beside him, told him where she found the star, and together they marvelled at the strangeness of the fate that had linked their destinies again, forever.

It was this circumstance, so inexplicable, that kept curiosity alive, and prevented the tragedy from being forgotten. After weeks had gone by, it was still a theme of interest throughout the settlement—intense and fresh as ever—a topic of daily converse and conjecture.

Some were fain to believe that Charles Clancy might still be alive. Many would have gladly adopted this theory, but that the weight of evidence was against it.

For if still living he would have returned to his home—even though wounded, badly injured. The same strength that could have taken him from the spot where he had fallen, would have brought him to the side of his sorrowing mother. And there was no reason why he should not return to her. On the contrary, all said that this would have been his first thought. They knew him to be an affectionate son—dutiful to a devotion.

It needed not for his neighbors to reflect that a living man would not be likely to leave hat and gun behind him. This was a trivial circumstance compared with his well-known filial affection, certain to have carried him home, if able to crawl thither.

No; he could not be alive.

Friends might wish it; some still having a faint hope, but no one a firm faith that it was so.

While speculations about the romantic murder were still rife in the settlement, other incidents occurred claiming a share of attention. A new owner had purchased, and entered into possession of the plantation lately belonging to Archibald Armstrong—the mortgagee, Ephraim Darke, having so disposed of it; while the humbler estate of the Clancy's had also passed into other hands.

It, too, had been held under a lien that covered land, house—even the chattels; and after the widow's death, and the disappearance of her son, the bill-of-sale man stepped in—no one to make opposition—and took possession of every thing. The thinned stock and few farm utensils, as also the furniture, were disposed of by public auction. The *penates* of the decayed Irish gentleman were knocked down to the highest bidder, and scattered throughout the neighborhood. Rare books, pictures, and other articles that bespoke refined culture, with some few remnants of *bijouterie* and *virtu* became distributed into log-cabins, where they were only appreciated according to the price paid for them.

In fine, the little frame cottage was cleared of its pilings; and for the time left empty, as tenanted. Even the dog, that had done such service in disclosing the identity of him who had contributed to this ruin, was removed from the ruined home—Simeon Woodley having adopted and taken the animal to his own house.

So stood things in the neighborhood where Colonel Archibald Armstrong had just entered the channel of the stream, when his ear caught the sounds, still distant, carried in tempered reverberation through the thick-standing tree-trunks.

On hearing them he suspended the stroke of his paddle, with a suddenness that told of his being startled and evidently alarmed.

He was not himself making any noise, by plunge of paddle or otherwise, that could hinder him from catching the most indistinct whisper of the woods. He had been cleaving his way through the water at a slow pace, and silently, as if his voyage was one of stealth and requiring the most cautious movement.

The craft he thus navigated was of the rudest possible construction—in short, what is known in the Mississippi valley as a "dug-out." The face and figure of its occupant merit a different description. Though the double shadow of the foliage and twilight scarce permitted either to be seen, still there was light enough to trace in his figure the outlines of a Hercules; while the face, perfectly beardless, showed features of bold and not ill-favored expression. The color of his skin, closely approximating to that of newly-tanned leather, told him to be a mulatto.

A coarse cotton shirt of "copperas stripe,"

and coarse drawers of like material, belted above the hips, were all of body wear he

appeared to have; while a battered wool

cap, with the supporting columns had been removed

—“Elizim,” if I may be allowed Byron's

sarcastic expression—wrapped in a mantle of

silence, soon to decay.

The neighbors were impressed with a

thought of this kind, when Colonel Arm-

strong first spoke of leaving them; still

more when he had left, and the fair faces of his daughters were seen no more at their doors.

The gloom became complete, when they

reflected that they would never more see the

handsome countenance of Charles Clancy;

never more listen to his frank, cheerful

speech.

planter of such standing—an afflicted parent as well—this privilege could not well be refused.

But Ephraim Darke was also a man of wealth; and gold, at all times, and in all countries, has been known to create mysteries, or circumstances resembling them.

In this case there was not even the resemblance. When the jury of Judge Lynch entered the cell and found it empty, all was explained. It had been already suspected when they found no jailer at the door.

Most of them knew this official to be a fellow of but indifferent repute; his character of late becoming so suspected that there had been talk of discharging him. Luckily for Ephraim Darke, as for his son, this had not been done.

The doubted officer dwelt in a cabin close to the jail. Not finding him on his post of duty, his domicil was visited by the crowd, calling for vengeance. It, too, was found without a tenant! The baffled avengers at once perceived how things stood. They scarce needed to be told that, during the day Ephraim Darke had obtained permission to enter the prison. At once came the conviction to all, that a golden key had laid open its lock, and that keeper and prisoner had gone off together.

The forest for some distance around was even stiller than before; the repeated crackling of the guns, and the noise of the scuffle, having awed its ordinary denizens—bird, insect, reptile, and quadruped—and caused them to make pause in their nocturnal concert, just commencing with its vespers.

The period of tranquillity was extended, on their again hearing a sound that they had already listened to, and which they knew did not naturally belong to their wild-wood orchestra. On the contrary, to most of them it proclaimed a hostile note. This was the barking of a dog, or rather the bayeing of a hound. They had heard the same but a short while before, suspended between the shots; after the last, for some minutes again silent. Now had it recommenced, and was continued in a prolonged note, with tones more lugubrious than ever.

Scarce necessary to say, it was Charles Clancy's deer-hound that was making this renewed fracas in the forest.

The dog, after being shot at by Darke, and hit, had not gone home. For him there was, no home without a master; and he knew his master was not there. In the breast of the dumb brute affection had again got the better of his fears; and, once more turning, he trotted back to the spot where the last scene of the tragedy had been enacted.

This time he was not hindered from approaching the place. The assassin, who had still continued his hurried retreat.

The dog came on, at first cautiously and with crawling gait; then, more confidently, when he saw that the coast was clear.

On getting up to the tree where the deadly encounter had terminated, he raised his head and looked around, evidently astonished.

He expected to find his master where he had last seen him lying. There was no master there; only a pile of moss strewed over the ground, thickly piled on a particular spot.

Giving a yelp, and lowering his nose, he trotted around the tree; entering and exploring different angles between the buttresses. This brought him back to the place of beginning; where he stopped, sniffed the air, and caught the scent of fresh blood steaming up from out the mess-heap. With a bound he threw himself into its midst, and commenced scattering it aside. Tossing off the sticks with his snout, and scratching aside the loose parasite with his paws, he soon laid bare a portion of the body—the upper part, breast, arms and shoulders, as also the head. Then, cowering down beside it, and giving utterance to a low whimper, he commenced licking the face, still warm. After a time he desisted from this, his low whine changing to a loud, plaintive howling, that might have been heard for a mile off through the forest.

It was heard by Richard Darke, as he retreated; causing him to further hasten his footsteps. It was heard, too, by the coon-hunter, seated in the tree-fork; making him cling more tenaciously to his perch. If it was heard by a third individual; who, if not as much as the first, had more reason than the second to feel frightened at the sound.

This was a man paddling a canoe along the adjacent creek; which, passing at some two hundred yards distance, delivered its slow-flowing current into the more stagnant waters of the swamp.

Coming from the latter, the canoe-man had just entered the channel of the stream, when his ear caught the sounds, still distant, carried in tempered reverberation through the thick-standing tree-trunks.

On hearing them he suspended the stroke of his paddle, with a suddenness that told of his being startled and evidently alarmed.

He was not himself making any noise, by plunge of paddle or otherwise, that could hinder him from catching the most indistinct whisper of the woods.

The pulse might be a better test; and he proceeded to feel it, taking the smooth, white wrist between his rough, brown-skinned fingers.

"It beats! I do think it beats!" was the exclamation that escaped him.

slave, mulatto, colored man, as they call me, I'll show them that under a yellow skin there can be gratitude, same as under a white one—maybe more! Show them! Who? Ha! ha! ha! That's good. Lucky for me there's nobody to see or know of it. If there was—Well, 'no matter.' What am I to do about this?"

For a while the runaway stood considering. Then, seemingly having resolved upon a course of action, he opened his arms and stooped down—as if he intended to take the body up and carry it away from the spot.

"This *was* what he intended. But just at that moment the hound—hitherto pacified by his presence, and for a time kept silent—again gave out its mournful monotone, continuing the dirge over its dead master. "Gor A'mighty!" exclaimed the fugitive, feeling fresh alarm as he listened. "What's to be done with the dog? If I take him along he'd be sure, some time or other, to make noise, and guide the nigger-catchers to my hidin'-place. Sure to do it! If I leave him here it'll be worse still. He can't follow me all the way through the water; but he'd show them where the dug-out lay; an' then they'd know enough to— I have it!"

The last speech bespoke some plan. It was followed by others addressed to the dog, and couched in coaxing tone. "Heer! come up, ole fella! Don't befeerd! It's Jupe, your master's friend. You know Jupe? Ah! that's a good dog; I thought you wouldn't be 'fraid of me. Now, stand still; let me slip this round your neck. I'm not goin' to hang you—only to keep you quiet a bit. Steady!"

While talking in this strain he had pulled a piece of cord out of his pocket, and, soon after saying "steady," had it knotted around the neck of the hound. To this the dog made no resistance; yielding to the manipulation as if he knew it was done by a friendly hand, and for his good.

Close by was a thicket of palmettos, these forming the only underwood of the cypress forest. Their broad, fan-shaped leaves, growing with short stalks directly out of the ground, and rising to some three feet in height, covered the surface as with a mantle of Lincoln green.

Amidst them the mulatto led the dog, the animal following freely, without making stop or show of resistance. When well in among the palmettos, he stooped down, tied the loose end of the cord to one of their shanks, securing it with a safe knot.

He remained not a moment after; not even to say a parting word to the betrayed quadruped, nor take note of the convulsive struggles it was making to set itself free. He did not so much as hearken to the yelps that accompanied them as a protest against the unexpected and treacherous captivity.

The mulatto had other things to do—other thoughts to occupy him. Fears were in his mind, dangers before him, alongside which the act of leaving a dog tied to a palmetto stalk, perhaps to perish, was not worth a moment's consideration.

Nor did he stay a moment to consider it. As soon as he had secured the hound—thus completing his precautions against the animal's following him—he returned hastily toward the tree under which the body lay.

Once more bending down beside it, taking hold of the pulse, at the same time placing his ear over the heart, he fancied that both still beat. He was not sure.

For all that, he extended his arms around the body, lifted it from the ground—raising it to the height of his breast. His Herculean strength enabled him to do this as easily as if the corpse of Charles Clancy had been that of a new-born babe.

Having brought his burden to a balance, he carried it toward the creek, and laid it gently down along the bottom of his canoe.

Then, entering after, he undid the slip-knot that had kept the dug-out from drifting; pushed the craft clear of its moorings; and propelled it back down the stream as silently as he had ascended it.

He had taken care to leave no trace behind him, no footprint or mark of any kind—not a scratch. The dug-out had been brought to among the straggling roots of a sycamore that projected well out into the water. Upon these, serving as a wharf, he had debarked, and from them made embarkation, bearing his burden lightly over them. And between the place of anchorage and the blood-stained spot, the ground, thickly bedded with the fallen foliage of the cypresses, would scarce have disclosed the tracks of a rhinoceros to the eyes of the most skillful tracker.

The runaway slave felt sure it would show no sign to any one coming after him. And he was right; for it did not.

CHAPTER XXXVI

IS IT A GHOST GOING ITS BOUNDS?

Less than a month after, the hour midnight—still and voiceless in northern climes, but not so in the lower region of the Mississippi Valley. There a semi-tropical heat keeps Nature alive, even in the days of December. It is no more December, but 'tis close bearing on spring. February is

taken upon the heading of letters, and this is a spring month both in Mississippi and Louisiana. The buds have already burst, and leaves are expanding upon the trees; some of the earlier ones flinging out fragrant blossoms. Birds, too, awaking from a short winter's silence—not sleep—pour forth their amorous songs, making glade and grove melodious. This does not end with the day. The mimic thrush—the grand polyglot of the feathered community—carries the strain on through the hours of night; so well counterfeiting the hours of his fellow-singers asleep, that you might fancy them still awake, still singing.

The nocturnal sounds of the southern forest are not all of this delightful kind. Mingling with them are notes neither sweet nor harmonious. The "gluck" of the great swamp frog, the "skirr" of tree-cricket, the screeching of owls, the lugubrious cry of the qua-bird, and, at intervals, the hoarse bellowing of an alligator; are none of them very agreeable. Still, the ear accustomed does not feel jarred by them. They are but the base notes, like those of the violoncello, and troubadour, needed to make complete the symphony of Nature's concert.

In the midst of this musical mélange—midnight, as we have said, the hour, the place on the Lower Mississippi, and the particular locality the settlement referred to in this tale—a man, or a figure bearing the semblance of one, might have been seen gliding along the edge of the cypress swamp, that has been made mention of.

After skirting the mud-flat for a time, the figure—ghost or human, whichever it was—turned face toward the tract of lighter woodland, that extended between the darker

cypress forest and the cleared ground of the plantations.

Crossing this, the nocturnal wayfarer soon came within sight of the deserted cottage lately occupied by the Clancys.

The moonlight falling upon his face showed that it was white. Also that it was pallid, with hollow eyes, and cheeks sunken, as from sickness; some malady long endured, and not yet cured. As he strolled across fallen logs or climbed fences, occasionally coming in the way, his tottering step told of a frame very much enfeebled.

When at length the clear of the woods, and within sight of the unoccupied dwelling, he stopped and remained contemplating it. This he knew of its being unoccupied was evident, from the look with which he stood regarding it. His familiarity with the place was equally evident. On entering the grounds through thick shrubbery at the back, he took the path leading up to the house without appearing to have any doubt about its being the right one.

For all this he made approach with caution; looking suspiciously around, either actually afraid, or not exactly desiring to be observed.

There was not much likelihood of his being so. It was midnight. At that hour all in the settlement would, or should, be asleep. The house stood remote from its nearest neighbor more than a mile. It was empty; had been stripped of its furniture, of everything. What could any one be doing in it or near it?

What was he doing near it? This question would have suggested itself to any one who had seen him, the more so after making note of his movements.

There was no one to do this; and he continued on to the house, to carry out whatever object had attracted him thither.

He entered by the back door, where there was a little porch, as also covered way, leading to a log cabin at the back—the kitchen.

Once within the porch, he tried the handle of the house door, which at touch went open. There was no lock, or if there was, it had not been thought worth while to turn the key in it. There are no burglars in the backwoods. If there were nothing in that house would have tempted them. It had been so cleared out at the auction sale that rag, bone, or bottle merchant would have afterward found no effects.

The nocturnal visitor entered the empty house. The ring of his footsteps, though he still trod cautiously, gave out a sad, solemn sound. It was in unison with the sighs that came deep-drawn from his breast; at times so loud and full as to seem choking him.

He went from room to room. There was not many—only three of them. In each he stood a minute or two, gazing wofully round. But in one—that which had been the widow's sleeping-chamber—he remained a little longer; regarding a particular spot, the place formerly occupied by her bed. Then came a sigh, louder than any preceding it, as if from the bottom of his breast, and with it the words, low muttered: "There she must have breathed her last!"

After this speech, more sighing, accompanied by the surer signs of sorrow—sobs and weeping. As the moonbeams, pouring in through the open window, fell upon his face, their pale, silvery light sparkled upon tears, starting, thick and fast, from his low eyes, and couring down his emaciated checks.

After surrendering himself, some minutes to what appeared a very agony of grief, he turned out of the sleeping-chamber; passed through the narrow hallway, and on out into the porch. Not now the back one, but that facing to the front—to the highway. On the other side of the road was an open tract of ground, half cleared, half woodland; the former sterile, the latter scraggy. It seemed to belong to no one, as if not worth claiming or cultivating. It had been, in fact, an appanage of Colonel Armstrong's estate, who had granted it to the public as the site for a school-house and a common burying-ground, free to all the settlement. The school-house had disappeared, but the cemetery was still there—only distinguishable from the surrounding surface by some oblong elevations having the well-known configuration of graves. There were in all about a score of them, some few having a plain headboard—a piece of painted plank, with lettering rudely limned, recording the names and ages of the interred.

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After reading it, a fresh sob burst from his bosom, new tears started from his eyes, and he flung himself prostrate upon the grave. Disregarding the dew, thinking naught of the night's chilliness, he threw his arms over the cold sod, embracing it, as though it were the warm body of one dearly beloved!

For several minutes he remained thus, then suddenly rising erect, as if impelled by some strong purpose, there came from his lips, pouted forth in wild, passionate accent, the words:

"Mother! Mother! I am still living! I am here! And you, oh, God, dear! You can no more know—no more hear me!"

They were the words of one frantic with grief, scarce knowing what he said.

Then sober reason seemed to assert itself over the person thus overpowered, and he spoke again; but with voice, expression of features, attitude, every thing so changed,

that no one, seeing him the moment before, would have believed it the same man.

Upon his countenance sternness had replaced sorrow; the soft lines had become rigid; the sad melancholy lately seen in his eye had flared up, and now burst in a steady flame. It was a glance that told of determination; a determination to take revenge for some wrong deeply felt—a vengeance already resolved upon.

Once more he looked down upon the grave; then up to the sky, till the moon, coursing across high heaven, fell full upon his face. With his body slightly leaning backward, the arms down by his sides, stiffly extended, the hands closed in convulsive clutch, he said:

"By the heavens above—by the shade of my murdered mother, whose body lies beneath—I swear not to know rest, never more seek contentment, till I have found and punished this man, who has brought blight upon me, death to my mother, and desolation to our house! Scoundrel, think not you can escape me! Texas, whether I know you have gone, will not be large enough to hold—it is wilderness not wide enough to screen you from my vengeance. If not found there, I shall follow you to the ends of the earth—Richard Darke, I'll TRACK YOU TO DEATH!"

"Charles Clancy!"

He turned as if shot in the side. The voice came from a man, who was standing within six feet of him!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 97.)

Madeleine's Marriage:

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER VII

DISCOVERY AND VINDICATION.

MADELEINE did not resist the entreaties of young Dorant that the marriage might take place before his departure for the continent, where he hoped to make arrangements to bring her and his father to live.

The pastor's wife did not fail to inform her niece, Mrs. Byrne, of the approaching marriage of her fair young friend; and Ada wrote so urgently to entreat a visit at her own home, that it was decided the bride should spend two weeks there while it was necessary for Lewis to be on the continent. He took her to Mrs. Byrne's house a fortnight after the wedding. The elder Dorant chose to remain at home, with the charge woman to care for his housekeeping. He was attached to the place, wild and bleak as it was, and thought with great reluctance of leaving it.

The home of the sprightly young matron—now lonely enough, as her husband was on one of his voyages—was a small, irregular mansion of stone—an old manor-house near Petworth—over one end of which ivy crept luxuriantly, giving it a venerable appearance. The grounds were not extensive, but were kept in excellent order. There was a paddock, and a wood, traversed by winding paths, full of evergreens, laurels and rhododendrons; a thrifty kitchen-garden; a flower-garden in front with a patch of luxuriant shrubbery, and a lawn bordered with box-hedge, over which the playful hares scampered, approaching closely the drawing-room windows. A few lofty trees sheltered the premises from the road. In the interior a flagged hall, led by the drawing and dining-rooms into a back court where a pretty fountain played, its basin filled with aquatic plants that crept over the edge and trailed on the floor. This was the especial care of Mrs. Byrne, who delighted in such products of nature, and fed the fish every day with her own hands.

Madeleine was surprised at the change wrought in her own spirits, when she took possession of her pretty room on the first floor, with neat, new furniture, its delicate paper-hangings and draperies of snowy lace, its harpsichord and guitar, tempting her to the music she had neglected for so many months; its toilet half-smothered in pink muslin, with easy-chair where she could sit to have her hair brushed by the maid; its tables covered with dainty articles of taste, handsomely-bound books and the latest periodicals. She had never before had a taste of this beguiling kind of literature.

The chapel, to which they were shown, was in decay, having not been used for a long time, and the dust lay thick upon its quaintly-carved cornices and marble niches. The statue was of fine workmanship, and many of the groups of admirable sculpture. The light was artistically disposed. From the windows different parts of the park might be seen—now through the branches of a weeping asp, now showing fine collections of trees, and the fine trees in the garden.

The paintings were hung principally in the large and lofty rooms of the east wing. The wide staircase was painted by La Guerre. There was a "beauty room" appropriate to the portraits of women, one of which was a copy of "the best Van Dyke in the world," the portrait of the Duchess of Bedford. There were also many paintings said to be originals by old Italian masters. One room was completely lined with exquisite carvings in oak wood, standing out in relief from the panels.

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"I have never told any one except Lewis!"
"But you must tell me! It is such bright moonlight. I like to hear terrible stories in the moonlight! Lean on me, dear, and tell me."

Madeleine hesitated. Since her marriage, she had become more courageous; and something bade her tell her friend of her trouble.

"It was the very night you left Mr. Morell's. A robber entered the library by the window while we were out in the garden. He concealed himself in the smoking-room above the room to which the stairs lead."

"How terrifying!"

"He unlocked the desk with a false key, and took out a sum of money. Then he went back up the stairs."

"And then you saw him?"

"Not then. Mr. Morell and I were talking a long time in the library, while the robber was hid, for he found he could not get out by the roof. When he came back, I was alone, and then I saw him!"

"What did he do?"

"I screamed and tried to hold him; he shook me off, and showed a pistol, threatening me. Then he sprang out of the window."

"You tried to hold him?"

"Yes; for, Ada, the worst of all is to come. I will tell you the rest when we are at home!"

Mrs. Byrne bade the coachman drive faster. It was some time after dark when they arrived at her house. The parlor was cheerful with a bright fire, and the tea-tray was presently brought in.

When they had taken tea, and the things were removed, Ada pressed her friend for the conclusion of her story.

"You said the worst was to come. Did the robber come back?"

"No; I wish he had!"

"Madeleine!"

"Oh, I wish he had! Ada! Mr. Morell charged me with the theft!"

"You are mad! He could not have been so wicked!"

"There was reason for his suspicion! Some one—I can not guess who—sent money to Lewis that same night! It went, so he said, in the letter I sent to him."

"And did Mr. Morell accuse you for that?"

"He missed the money he had placed in my charge, and Lewis received it, or a part of it. It was natural he should accuse me. What is the matter, Ada?"

Mrs. Byrne had started to her feet, and with white face and dilated eyes, stood gazing at her friend. Then she snatched her breath with a gasping sob, and caught her hand in both hers.

"Oh, Madeleine! forgive me! forgive me!"

"Forgive you, Ada! for what?"

"It was all my fault! I put that money into your letter!"

"You!" exclaimed her friend, in amazement.

"I overheard what Mr. Dorant said of his need of money. You know my obligations to him! I had a hundred pounds given me for some temporary ornaments. You gave your letter to Alice to take to the station; I sent her to the drawing-room for my gloves, and, while she was gone, I opened the letter—the seal was moist—and crammed in the bank-notes. I thought it would be a help to him, and he would not suspect me. Can you forgive me, Madeleine?"

"Ada! I am so glad! I am so happy!"

"That you forgive me!"

"There is nothing to forgive! You could not know of the robbery! I am so glad I can convince Mr. Morell of my innocence! I will write to Lewis at once, and he shall carry the news to him!"

The letter was written and posted that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

OUTSIDE the park at Broadhurst, but not far from it, beside a beautiful stream that ran into the lake, stood the cottage of the miller, Amos Watts. It was shaded by two large oak trees, and embowered in creepers. In the low window-seats within were pots of flowers, tended with delicate care that bespoke feminine taste, and the simple furniture evinced the same.

"One fair daughter" had the miller, and she was the light of the eyes to both her parents. She had never been like the village girls, nor mingled with them. One gift she had that set her apart from her child-hood—the gift of song.

It was not inherited from her mother, who scarcely cared for music. Her father, night, had his daily labors allowed him time to cultivate the art. So the little girl learned her minstrelsy from the birds, and her warblings were as fresh and sweet.

Chance had made the late Mrs. Clermont aware of the talent possessed by the young girl, and she provided her an instructor in music and in the branches of a good education. Emily proved an apt scholar in all she attempted. She made such progress, that when she returned from school the lady of the Manor House invited her to come up almost daily, dithers, and practice in the music-room.

This was an inestimable privilege, and accepted with delight. Many hours did the girl spend at the superb piano, and occasionally the lady sent for her to play and sing when there was company in the drawing-room. Her voice was admired, and she heard more than once the prediction that she would do well in the profession of an opera or concert singer. Thus her ambition was kindled, and she redoubled her efforts to attain excellence.

Being made a kind of household pet, she became familiar with the different members of the family. After the death of her patroness her visits and musical practice continued, though at longer intervals. She played and sang for the invalid heir—and no one seemed to notice how much he was attracted by the pretty creature whose sweet voice could drive away his evil fancies, and soothe his restlessness.

The young man had the habitual caution often exhibited by those in whom reason only glimmers, and took care not to exhibit his growing fondness for the girl. He had only one confidant, and that was a designing man, who hoped to gain something for himself out of what he observed. From time to time he took the offered bribes, and arranged meetings between the lovers—for such they became—in the absence of Edward's guardian, and without the knowledge of any of the household.

This came about a state of things that wrought much unhappiness for the poor girl. It will be explained hereafter.

There was a light in the miller's cottage long after the usual hour for retiring. Watts and his wife sat in the outer room, conversing in subdued tones with the dark-browed man, known to the reader as Hugh Rawd.

A light burning in the adjoining chamber was carefully shaded from the eyes of one who lay on the bed, breathing heavily, with low moans as of feverish restlessness.

"It will be of no use," Hugh was saying, "to ask help from Mr. Marlitt. He would be very angry for what has been done, and would say the master's condition made every thing void."

"My child was deceived," said the mother, sadly and bitterly. "It is very hard that she must bear unjust blame and shame."

"She will not heed it—when—"

"When she is taken from us! Oh, Mr. Rawd, and think you it is nothing to us?"

A burst of tears interrupted the dame's speech.

Hugh replied: "It is known to several in the village that the marriage was to take place; and no one shall dare slander the girl to me."

"It would be a wonder," answered Eunice Watts, "considering that you managed every thing. Mr. Rawd."

"I did what the master wished, and that was—Miss Emily's wish, too. As I told you, we must all keep quiet now. There will be no false judgment about your daughter, and you do not want to be turned out of your place, Mr. Watts."

The man shuddered as if deprecating such a thing.

"You know Mr. Marlitt too well to believe he would allow you to stay, if he knew how his confidence had been abused."

"Has not ours been abused?" asked the man, with a gloomy frown.

said Jasper, with a sneering smile.

"What is to be done now, sir?" asked the man.

"Nothing for you at present—except to keep silence, and have your wits about you. I have ascertained that this husband who has wedded my heiress, intends living in Antwerp. He has a situation in a mercantile house, there. He must lose it, and be driven back to the fishing village, by poverty."

"But all need not be lost, if you are true to your own interests yet."

"What should I be true to, if not to them, sir?"

"Exactly. I may count on you there,"

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"I am sorry, Hugh, your perceptions were not livelier, in time to prevent this low marriage," observed Marlitt, with the cold, sardonic expression his beautiful lips took when displeased. The man hung his head, abashed.

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"What is to be done now, sir?" asked the man.

"Nothing for you at present—except to keep silence, and have your wits about you. I have ascertained that this husband who has wedded my heiress, intends living in Antwerp. He has a situation in a mercantile house, there. He must lose it, and be driven back to the fishing village, by poverty."

"I am sorry, Hugh, your perceptions were not livelier, in time to prevent this low marriage," observed Marlitt, with the cold, sardonic expression his beautiful lips took when displeased. The man hung his head, abashed.

"But all need not be lost, if you are true to your own interests yet."

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JO JOT, JUNYER.

BY I-O-TA.

As nigh as I kin kalkulate
Sum years thar eend had got,
I fell in with a seller-bein',
What called nessel Jo Jot.

A pesky sort of a critter,
That wuz here and everywhar';
If enny thing wuz goin' on,
Why he wuz uss tha'.

One day he got mos' 'tarnal tired,
And kinned he'd vamoos.
So he lit on board the *Prin' Belle*,
When Jim Bludoo ruled the roos.

The beauty did-o-lick-e-ty-split—
Her biler got hot
An' bust—an' Jo, rid on a piece,
An' c'm down kerwallop—poor Jo-Jot!

Wal, after that old "Iron-Clad"
In broaches the old blouse-se
Was niot a faror Applegate
A-drivin' of his cow-se.

He set so long he mos' tuk root;
The frost got at his toes,
Since then his bid deon't nivigate
But keeps his heels—poor Jo-Jot.

One time ten fer uss like tu fit:
Ain't no ox and boar
Old Sweetness thord he'd see it eout,
Which way the rope w'd pull.

The skeery varments got so mad
An' arter Jo—pell-mell;
Thar tails went up—her blues flew eout,
Diddent he skedaddle? dew tell!

It's quin' that he c'n't circumloote
Aiter he just day-bo:But such is life; he warn't tu die
Tell his time got round—that's true.

Howsomever he's kickin' still,
Cuter nor a coon, you bet;
An' he's the witt furnishin' cuus tig off
A grinn' you unsed expense
That I've hear'n tell on yet.

Result of an III Wind.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

"HANDS up! 'll clew up royals and to'gallant sails!" shouted Captain Burit of the ship Reindeer, as a heavy gale, which for many hours had been seen brewing to windward, came driving down to ward the vessel.

"Will we have a bad storm, papa?" inquired Winnie Melton—a beautiful young girl of seventeen, as she shrunk closely to the side of her father—Mr. Melton, who stood with her on the quarter-deck of the ship.

The two had taken passage aboard the Reindeer at the Sandwich Islands, where Mr. Melton, with Winnie, his only child, had been to visit an agent on business. He had taken his daughter with him, because she had expressed a wish to go, and he had thought the trip would do her good.

"Better for me had I never seen that girl," muttered the poor sailing-master, Warren Gove, as he stood on the quarter, watching a French vessel to windward, which had been spoken a few hours before. "As soon as the storm passes, I will tell the captain I wish to leave his vessel, and go aboard yonder ship. Better I should tear myself away from the girl at once, than remain to be tortured by the sight of one whom I can never hope to make mine."

Warren had lately received an honorable discharge from the Chilian sloop-of-war St.

He was a fine-looking young fellow, with clear, gray eyes, sun-embrowned face, and a form inured to hardship; for he had led a wild, roving sort of life from his youth.

This fondness for wandering and adventure had kept him poor, and that was why he thought it was better had he never seen Winnie Melton, whom he loved at first sight.

The rich, brunette complexion, the round, plump form, the lithe, willowy waist, the musical, unaffected voice were irresistible; but it was the dark eyes under her arching brows, with their varied expression, now bright, merry, sparkling, now shy and soft as a gazelle's; at one moment uplifted, the next hidden by the long, silken lashes, that caught poor Warren's heart so promptly.

He had spoken to Mr. Melton, who liked him, and was pleased to hear him relate some of his adventures.

Winnie, however, seemed to treat him rather coldly. She would sometimes stand and listen to his conversation with her father, but whenever he spoke to her, she would answer briefly, and even seem a little vexed. In fact she avoided him so sedulously that he at last concluded she disliked him, and resolved to speak to her no more, the conviction forcing itself on his mind that she thought he was a mere fortune-hunter, and was attracted by her wealth.

There was one person, however, with whom she often conversed; a rich young cotton-broker, named Walter Fitzberg, who was a passenger aboard the Reindeer, and whom Mr. Melton had known in New York.

"Ay, he will marry her," thought Warren, "and I shall continue to be a wanderer. I had intended to 'settle down,' but I could never rest were she to become the wife of another."

With intense interest Warren watched the seamen, as they sprang to execute the order to take to sail.

As Winnie put her timid question, he could not help giving her a reassuring glance, as her father replied:

"Yes, Winnie, I think we will have a severe storm, but the Reindeer is a good ship, and will brave it!"

The vessel was soon under reefed main-sail, close-reefed mastsail and topmast staysail.

With a howl and a shriek the storm pounced upon her. The masts bent and snapped, the rigging bellied in whistling, ropes and sheets writhed and slatted about, the ship was whirled down on her beam-ends, and sent driving along through the mad waters in a perfect cloud of spray, hummung thunder.

Standing on tiptoe, clutching her father's arm, Winnie was a pretty picture to look at.

The lips were half-parted and trembling with anxiety, the dark curls blown loose about the shoulders, the red mantle fluttered on the wind, the form was drawn up so that the beautiful outline of the waist was distinctly revealed.

The captain was about advising his passengers to go below, when a tremendous shock went through the ship.

"We are going down!" with white lips shrieked the carpenter. He had just been into the hold, had reported that a whale or some other sea-monster had come into contact with the ship's bottom, and there steven a hole!

"Clear away the boats!" shouted the captain in a clear, ringing voice.

Warren sprung to assist.

The quarter-boat and the long-boat soon were cleared away and lowered. Ere they could be well provisioned, an ominous roaring sound was heard.

It was the rushing of the water into the hold!

Fitzberg, losing all control of himself, sprang for the long-boat, in his haste almost knocking Winnie down.

The two boats were soon manned, but ere Winnie could be helped into them by Warren Gove and her father, the ship lifted her bows, then lurched heavily, preparatory to going down.

This parted the boat-wraps.

Mr. Melton had just sprung into the long-boat, and with several sailors stood ready to take Winnie, whom Warren, in the main chains, was endeavoring to pass to the boat.

The lurch frightened the girl, who slipped back on deck from Warren's grasp, while he, thus losing his balance, fell into the boat-warp, dangling over the ship's side.

By this he skinned himself to the deck of the sinking vessel.

She was plunging down; the young man clutched Winnie, and endeavored to strike out for the boats, but the mad whirlpool of waters drew him and the girl down into the cabin.

Down, lower and lower went the fated ship. The cataract of waters poured round a certain number not necessary to mention

But he was not dead.

In half an hour the castaways were all picked up by the French ship, which had borne down for them, and Warren was able to sit up in the berth, whither he had been conveyed.

Winnie and her father were at his side, the girl holding his hand.

She proved a tender nurse, and what might have been expected followed.

They were united when they reached New York, a few months later.

Warren obtained remunerative employment in the merchant firm of an uncle, and is now a partner.

Winnie and he are indeed happy—made so by that accident to the Reindeer—as otherwise Warren would have left the ship, never perhaps to meet again the young girl, whose coldness toward him, caused by Fitzberg's artful falsehood, would thus have remained unexplained.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

"Treed" by a Flood.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

WEARIED with a long day's ride, I was sleeping heavily, when suddenly I was aroused to consciousness by a hand laid heavily upon my shoulders, and opening my eyes with a sudden start, found old Grizzly Adams bending down with his finger upon his lips.

We were two alone, having left the command far to the southward, in pursuit of a certain matter not necessary to mention

"Hold on ag'in," and once more he disappeared, this time going up the gulch.

In less time than before he returned, and announced that there was a chance for us up there, but a very slim one, even at best.

A hundred yards above there was a cavern in the face of the cliff upon the left-hand side as we faced up, situated some ten feet above the level bottom, and to all appearances inaccessible to us.

At least so it appeared to me, and I ventured to say so.

"That's the smallest cend uv the matter," said the hunter. "What troubles me ar' to to whar that piece uv rock sticks out?" said Grizzly, pointing to the object, which then became faintly visible through the darkness.

Taking his lasso, which he had brought along, the old bear-hunter coiled it carefully, and stepping back, hurled it at the face of the rock.

The loop fell fairly over both bush and projecting crag, and when tested was found sufficiently secure to bear our weight.

"It e'ven'most looks like temptin' Providence to creep into that hole an' not know aforehand ef it ar' clear ny the water," he said.

But, whatever might be the result, we had no time for long consideration.

The storm had burst upon the mountains, and although not a drop fell where we were, we could hear the roar of the descending

sartin death! How they bit at that yell I guy 'em down yander!"

Without noticing the cavern in which we lay, more than half the savages pushed by it, and continued their headlong race up the canon.

The others, however, were more cautious. The swelling waters reminded them of how little time there was to lose, and we heard them debating among themselves the property of an instant retreat.

One of their number was sent after the others, and they were on the point of retreating, when an unfortunate movement of mine detached a small fragment of rock, which rattled down and fell at the very feet of a warrior. Instantly every eye was fixed upon our hiding-place.

"Open on 'em, lad! Quick!" and before I could get out my six-shooter, the trapper fired point-blank into the upturned face of the chief, or at least who appeared to be such.

"Give 'em fits!" yelled the old fellow, emptying chamber after chamber with wonderful rapidity.

Four of them were down by the time the other party came back from above, but these never halted a second.

With wild yells of terror they fled past our hiding-place, and the others, catching the infection, quickly followed, leaving the dead where they lay.

"The wave! the wave, boyee!" shouted Old Grizzly. "It ar' clost arter 'em! Jess listen to it!"

I needed not the injunction to listen, nor did it require any effort to do so. That fearful rush of water was unlike anything had ever heard, and the very air, the solid rocks themselves, seemed to tremble under its resistless sweep.

In an instant it had shot by us, hissing, boiling, roaring as though it were some terrible monster lashed into fury, and chafing at being confined between those narrow walls.

The first dash of the flood filled the canon to within two feet of our resting-place.

Old Grizzly drew out his ram-rod, and leaning over the edge, held it perpendicular with the lower end just touching the flood.

In five minutes the rod was withdrawn. The water had wet it for more than a foot from the end.

"Looks bad, boyee," said Old Grizzly, with a slow shake of the head. "Generally, when ther fast dash ar' over, it on'y comes up werry slow. We're in a tight fix, I'm afraid; better be charged than imped an' took their chances that way."

But I will not dwell upon the next hour, a fearful one to us, and which we both looked upon as surely our last. Steadily the water rose. It came over the edge of the cliff, and swashed into the cave.

Higher and higher it rose, while without the thunder crashed and the lightning played amid the rugged peaks of the mountains in a ceaseless stream. Up to our wrists, to the armpits, and then only our heads remained above the surface!

But here it stopped.

After a long pause, during which neither of us spoke a word, Old Grizzly suddenly uttered it up by exclaiming:

"Saved, boyee, by ther Etna! The water ar' fallin', an' ther danger ar' over!"

And so it was.

By degrees the flood went down, slowly at first, and then almost as rapidly as it had come on. In two hours we lowered ourselves by the rope, and started in the faint hope of catching our horses somewhere on the prairie.

This, however, we were not lucky enough to do, and consequently were compelled to make a long, tedious journey on foot.

"Yer won't ketch me holen' ag'in in a hurry," said Old Grizzly, as we talked over our escape, and I am free to say that I heartily indorsed his resolution.

Short Stories from History.

Curiosities of Science.—The remarkable interest now taken by the people in science and its astonishing developments, constitutes one of the most significant "signs of the times." Almost everybody is concerned in the announcements of new discoveries in physical research, and our monthly magazines are constrained to devote a special department to these discoveries.

That the ancients were by no means ignorant of many of the leading facts of physical science, these paragraphs will show.

Many have questioned the fact recorded by several historians concerning the surprising effects of the burning mirrors of Archimedes, by means of which the Roman ships besieging Syracuse were burnt to ashes. Descartes particularly discredited the story as fabulous; but Kircher made many experiments with a view of establishing its credibility. He tried the effect of a number of plane mirrors, and with five mirrors of the same size, placed in a frame, he contrived to throw the rays reflected from them to the same spot, at the distance of more than a hundred feet; and by this means he produced such a degree of heat as led him to conclude that, by increasing their number, he could have set fire to inflammable substances at a greater distance. He likewise made a voyage to Syracuse, in company with his pupil, Schottius, in order to examine the place of the supposed transaction; and they were both of opinion that the galleys of Marcellus could not have been more than thirty paces from Archimedes.

Anaxagoras, who thought that the sun was a red-hot iron as large as the Peloponnesus, taught at the same time the just doctrine, that the moon shines by light borrowed from the sun; and was led to that opinion not only from the phases of the moon, but from its light being weak and unaccompanied by heat.

Democritus taught that the milky way is the light of a great number of small stars, very close to one another; a magnificent conception which the latest improvements of the telescope have fully verified.



Tracked to Death—"I shall follow you to the ends of the earth, Richard Darke—ay, I'll track you to death!"

here, and were on the return path when night overtook us near the mouth of the Black Canon, in which we camped.

"What is it?" I asked softly, as I rose to a sitting posture.

"Injuns," was the reply in the same cautious tone; "leastwise, I b'leev' they're about, an' we'd better look to our ha'."

I knew that Old Grizzly never made a false alarm, and fully alive to the danger of being caught and penned in the canon, I grasped my rifle, and followed the bear-hunter to where our horses were picketed—on a bit of grass further up.

"I heard 'em out thar twie'st afore I roused yur," said Grizzly. "I doosn't think they knows we ar' hyar, but they will know it darned quick if we don't find sum way outen this."

"And how about getting out?"

"Thar's but one way. We can't climb them cliffs yander, ner yander, pointing to either side where the rocky wall rose sheer up for five hundred feet."

"An' it's fu' goin' through, we can't do it, fur it'll rain by barrels in less'n a hour, an' yer know what that means."

"I do; we would be swept away by the torrent that gathers within the canon, at every shower almost," I replied.

"Yes, an' thar'se ain't goin' ter be no shower. I'll kem down in chunks, yur see if it doosn't."

The crew of the long-boat